
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:48:30 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 10/15/2006 9:31 PM

Saturday, August 4, 6:30 p.m., Los Angeles (Sunday, August 5, 1:30 p.m., Tracy Island)

"What is this stuff?" Dr. Willis asked as he pulled another metal shard from the wound on Dianne's leg. He dropped it with a clink into an emesis bowl. "I've never seen metal like this before."

"I don't know, Jonah, and I'm not asking," Drew Carmichael said. He looked at the scanner's screen. "Where is that laceration?" he muttered to himself. "Ahhh. There you are. you little bugger. Gotcha!"

As he began to repair the tiny laceration, he asked, "How's she doing, Ray?"

"Better since we intubated, Drew," Ray replied. He was keeping an eye on Dianne's blood oxygen levels and the anesthesia they were using to keep her under. "She's going to find just breathing painful for a while."

"And not just because of those bruises, either," Drew said, keeping his eye on his work. "I still want to fuse those cracked ribs."

"Doesn't International Rescue believe in airbags?" one of the nurses said as she used suction on the laceration site.

"I bet they will after this," Drew replied. In fact, I'll make sure of it!

Dr. Willis stood up. "I think I've got it all. Nan, here are the metal fragments. Package them up, please. A little souvenir of this adventure." He handed the bowl to the nurse, then shucked his gloves. "Dr. Singh, would you close?"

"Yes, Dr. Willis," the young doctor murmured. He motioned to the nurse for a clean pair of gloves to be slipped on over his current pair, and took up Willis's position next to Dianne's leg. Dr. Willis left the operating theater, passing through the electronic anti-bacterial barrier before opening the door to the scrub room.

"Sorry about that, Rajeev," Drew said distractedly. "I should have known he'd want to be in on this. Any chance to become famous."

"No apologies necessary, Dr. Carmichael," Rajeev replied. "I know Dr. Willis and his ways well. They do not bother... me..."

Drew frowned. He didn't dare take his eyes off his work, but he knew that something was wrong. "Talk to me, Rajeev. What's wrong?"

"A bowl, please, Nancy." There was a pause, then a tiny clink. "It seems that Dr. Willis may not

become famous after all, but rather infamous." Another tiny clink sounded, then another.

"Damn the man!" Drew said with a scowl. "Nancy, make sure you keep what Dr. Singh is pulling out and what Dr. Willis has already done separate. I want clear proof of this malpractice." He paused, then said in a more moderate tone. "More suction please."
